To the Right Honourable, the Lord Major, and Common-Council of the City of London.

PETER CAPONI *Citizen of* Florence, *sendeth greeting.*

Right Honourable,

History Florence.

KNow ye, that when *Charles* the Eighth of *France* entred our City of *Florence* in Hostile and Triumphant Manner, Himself and Horse arm'd, with his Lance upon his Thigh, many Insolencies being committed by the *French*, and much Argument of Quarrel being ministred between them and our Citizens, so far forth that the *Florentines* (to preserve their Liberties) were driven to prepare to fight: And *Charles* propounding intollerable Conditions, certain great Sums of Money, and absolute Seigniory over the whole *State*, as conquer'd by him, who entred the City in Armes: I *Peter Caponi*, catching these Proposals from the Kings Secretary, and tearing them before his Face, bade him *sound his Trumpets, and we would ring our Bells*; which resolute words made *Charles* bethink himself, how dangerous a matter it would be for his Army to fight in the Streets against the Armed Multitudes of that City, having advantage of Place, Provisions, Multitude, yea, of Women armed with Tilestones, that he was glad to accept of Conditions, and depart the City.

Now therefore understanding that your great, glorious, and most populous City of *London* is invaded (by no *CHARLES*) but by a handful of starved, pitiful, and perfidious Red-coats, Anabaptists, and Quakers, (which your Boyes at Foot-ball can kick out of Town in an hour) I cannot but incite you to follow our Example, and the Dictate of your old *Britain*, *Forget not your Ancestors, remember your Posterity.*

December 16. 1659.

PETER CAPONI, *Citizen of* Florence.